

Heiress's 334

Chapter 334

Bella continued, "I watched him buy solo plane tickets to Meridan repeatedly. I watched as he, the man who feared inconvenience, tirelessly flew to Feranco to have a top-notch craftsman design a unique birthday gift for Rosalind. You can say he has preferences, but back then, I was still his wife. Even if he had no feelings for me, he should have given me a basic level of respect."

Bella had her back turned to Steven, her tone devoid of any emotion.

It was as if she were a storyteller, narrating a love tragedy with all the drama of a romantic tale.

Steven felt a lump in his chest, kneeling beside Bella like a loyal dog, lifting his face to gaze deeply at his boss.

"For the sake of such a stinking pile of garbage, Justin would heartlessly hurt you. He deserves to die a thousand deaths for his cruelty!"

Bella smiled and waved nonchalantly. "In the past, I would have been full of resentment and unwillingness. But now, I feel calm, almost amused. If Rosalind is a pile of garbage, then Justin is the trash bin. Rosalind has transformed from recyclable waste to non-recyclable waste, but Justin has always been a trash bin. I am affectionate, but not indiscriminate. There's no need to dwell on a trash bin. However, I am quite entertained by watching Justin tirelessly run around for Alexa. I'd love to see him struggle hard for me, only to end up with nothing in the

end.

She thought to herself, 'Justin, you've always been an unfeeling person. It's quite a coincidence that I've become one too.'

To be in the presence of Alexa, Justin took a chartered flight to Inalia. High in the sky, memories flooded back to him, reminding him of the first year of his marriage to Bella. In that year, amid his busy schedule, he had flown to Feranco to craft "The Flaming Heart" for Rosalind. He had gone to great lengths, even persuading the designer who had crafted jewelry for the royal family.

Never before had he humbled himself to such an extent for anyone. The designer had been moved by his sincerity and reluctantly created the necklace for him. Today, "The Flaming Heart" remained permanently locked away in its box, never to be looked upon again.

The necklace no longer carried his sincere love. Instead, it bore regret and shame.

Justin's deep gaze was fixed on the opaque layer of clouds. In a trance, above the ethereal clouds, Bella's radiant face appeared as vivid as spring sunshine.

The illusion felt too real, causing a tremor in his heart. Involuntarily, he reached his hand toward the window.

Yet, it was cold and empty/

He took a deep breath as memories flooded his mind.

"Do you know how much Young Madam loves that necklace? When she heard you were going to give it to Rosalind, she was so envious that tears streamed down her face!"

- "If it were Young Madam, she would never treat a gift from you lightly. She's the kind of person who even carefully keeps the ties you discard, never willing to let go. She would never do anything to trample on your feelings."

A sudden spasm of pain gripped Justin's chest, tearing at him, and his vision blurred. The woman he thought would cherish his sincere feelings had trampled upon them until his heart shattered.

Even in this wreckage, it was something that bled in Bella's heart, something she cried over and yearned for in her dreams. Justin's pale lips twisted into a silent, bitter smile.

He thought, 'What kind of drive compelled Bella to endure three years of suffering by my side? Why was she so infatuated with me?'